

For two years the Raleigh Canteen continued this service without intermission. In all this time only one call came that was not answered, and that was a request for breakfast for 600 troops, expected to arrive at 6 o'clock, which came from the Dispatcher's office at 5 o'clock on a freezing winter's morning when practically every water pipe in the city was frozen stiff. In sunshine and in rain, through cold and through heat, in snow and in ice, at all hours of the day and at midnight, the women of the Raleigh Canteen cheerfully sacrificed their convenience, their comfort, and their pleasures in the service of the boys who were sacrificing for them everything but honor.

Up to July 1, 1919, the Raleigh Canteen served 255,000 American soldiers.

Many letters from these boys testify their appreciation of this service. The following from Private Francis L. Frost, is inserted here, not because it is unusual but because it is typical:

MACHINE SHOP TRUCK UNIT, No. 322,
30TH DIV. Q. M. C., N. A.,
CAMP MILLS, L. I., N. Y.

DEAR "RED CROSS":—I trust that you will not consider it impertinent for me in writing these lines. It must be an hourly occurrence for you to receive expressions of gratitude; but I feel it a real duty of mine to add my own bit to the vast quota of praise which is your just due.

I was on a troop train which passed through Raleigh Wednesday afternoon—but one of many. During the time I have been the "Nephew of Uncle Sam" I have seen numerous examples of the magnificent work of the Red Cross, yet what I witnessed at Raleigh surpassed them all.

It is not so much the giving of refreshments, not the handing out of cigarettes and candy that touches the "boys"; rather, it is that inexpressible spirit upon which the Red Cross is founded, simply but effectively expressed by one kind lady when one of the boys thanked her: "I have a boy over there, too. I understand." It is the spirit of understanding. Truly, he who wrote the words, "The Red Cross, the greatest Mother of them all," penned better than he knew. For who can understand as a mother?

Let me say but one word more. To us who expect to sail away "in line of duty," one of the greatest treasures given to carry with us is the memory of America's glorious womanhood, standing in solid phalanx, line after line, back here in the Land of the Free—a bulwark against our trials, better than which there can be no other. God bless them!

Please consider this less as an individual word and more as the poorly expressed feeling of many of us. As we go the Red Cross gleams on our path. When we come back, who can say how great its brilliance will be. And for those, the greater heroes, who do not see it then, it shall be fittingly said "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori!*"

Gratefully yours,

(Pvt.) FRANCIS L. FROST.